Twenty-Nine Illustrations

BY

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

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Contents of this Volume.

LORD LUFTON AND LUCY ROBARTS.

"WAS IT NOT A LIE?"

THE CRAWLEY FAMILY.

LADY LUFTON AND THE DUKE OF OMNIUM.

MRS. GRESHAM AND MISS DUNSTABLE.

"MARK," SHE SAID, "THE MEN ARE HERE."

"DEAR CHILD, HE COMES—NAY, BLUSH NOT SO, TO HAVE YOUR SECRET KNOWN."

LAST WORDS.

"PLEASE, MA'AM, CAN WE HAVE THE PEAS TO SHELL?"

"AND YOU LOVE ME?" SAID SHE.

"IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE NAUGHTY BIRDS."

"MR. CRADELL, YOUR HAND," SAID LUPEX.

"WHY, IT'S YOUNG EAMES!"

"THERE'S MR. HARDING COMING OUT OF THE DEANERY."

"AND HAVE I NOT REALLY LOVED YOU."

MR. PALLISER AND LADY DUMBELLO.

"DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO THE YOUNG MAN."

THE BOARD.

"WON'T YOU TAKE SOME MORE WINE?"

"AND YOU WENT IN AT HIM ON THE STATION?"

"LET ME BEG YOU TO THINK OVER THE MATTER AGAIN."

"THAT MIGHT DO."

"MAMMA," SHE SAID AT LAST, "IT'S OVER NOW, I'M SURE."

"WHY ON EARTH, ON SUNDAY?"

"BELL, HERE'S THE INKSTAND."

"SHE HAS REFUSED ME, AND IT IS ALL OVER."

THE BISHOP AND THE KNIGHT.

TEMPTATION.

IRENE.

Lord Lufton and Lucy Robarts.

"So you have an unknown damsel shut up in your castle," he had once said to Mrs. Robarts. "If she be kept a prisoner much longer, I shall find it my duty to come and release her by force of arms." He had been there twice with the object of seeing her, but on both occasions Lucy had managed to escape. Now we may say she was fairly caught, and Lord Lufton, taking a pair of pheasants from the gamekeeper, and swinging them over his shoulder, walked off with his prey.

"You have been here a long time," he said, "without our having had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Yes, my lord," said Lucy. Lords had not been frequent among her acquaintance hitherto.

"I tell Mrs. Robarts that she has been confining you illegally, and that we shall release you by force or stratagem."

"I—I—I have had a great sorrow lately."

"Yes, Miss Robarts; I know you have; and I am only joking, you know. But I do hope that now you will be able to come amongst us. My mother is so anxious that you should do so."

"I am sure she is very kind, and you also—my lord."

"I never knew my own father," said Lord Lufton, speaking gravely. "But I can well understand what a loss you have had." And then, after pausing a moment, he continued, "I remember Dr. Robarts well."

"Do you, indeed?" said Lucy, turning sharply towards him, and speaking now with some animation in her voice. Nobody had yet spoken to her about her father since she had been at Framley. It had been as though the subject were a forbidden one. And how frequently is this the case! When those we love are dead, our friends dread to mention them, though to us who are bereaved no subject would be so pleasant as their names. But we rarely understand how to treat our own sorrow or those of others.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes: I remember him," continued Lord Lufton. "He came twice to Framley while I was a boy. He was very kind to me, foreboding all manner of good things on my behalf."

"He was very kind to every one," said Lucy.

"I should think he would have been—a kind, good, genial man—just the man to be adored by his own family."

"Exactly; and so he was. I do not remember that I ever heard an unkind word from him. There was not a harsh tone in his voice. And he was generous as the day."

"I do not wonder that you should feel his loss, Miss Robarts."

"Oh, I do feel it."

They had now turned up through the parsonage wicket, a little gate that opened into the garden at a point on the road nearer than the chief entrance.

"Miss Robarts, now that the ice is broken, I hope that we may be friends." He then put out his hand, and when she gave him hers he pressed it almost as an old friend might have done.——*Framley Parsonage.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. i. p. 460.)

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"Was it not a Lie?"

He had stepped forward as though he were going to clasp her round the waist, but she receded, and got beyond the reach of his hand. "Lord Lufton!" she said, "when you are more cool you will know that this is wrong. The best thing for both of us now is to part."

"Not the best thing, but the very worst, till we perfectly understand each other."

"Then perfectly understand me, that I cannot be your wife."

"Lucy! do you mean that you cannot learn to love me?"

"I mean that I shall not try. Do not persevere in this, or you will have to hate yourself for your own folly."

"But I will persevere, till you accept my love, or say, with your hand on your heart, that you cannot and will not love me."

"Then I must beg you to let me go," and having so said, she paused while he walked once or twice hurriedly up and down the room. "And, Lord Lufton," she continued, "if you will leave me now, the words that you have spoken shall be as though they had never been uttered."

"I care not who knows that they have been uttered. The sooner that they are known to all the world, the better I shall be pleased, unless indeed —— "

"Think of your mother, Lord Lufton."

"What can I do better than give her as a daughter the best and sweetest girl I have ever met? When my mother really knows you, she will love you as I do. Lucy, say one word to me of comfort."

"I will say no word to you that shall injure your future comfort. It is impossible that I should be your wife."

"Do you mean that you cannot love me?"

"You have no right to press me any further," she said; and sat down upon the sofa, with an angry frown upon her forehead.

"By heavens," he said, "I will take no such answer from you till you put your hand upon your heart, and say that you cannot love me."

"Oh, why should you press me so, Lord Lufton?"

"Why! because my happiness depends upon it; because it behoves me to know the very truth. It has come to this, that I love you with my whole heart, and I must know how your heart stands towards me."

She had now again risen from the sofa, and was looking steadily in his face.

"Lord Lufton," she said, "I cannot love you," and as she spoke she did put her hand, as he had desired, upon her heart.

"Then God help me! for I am very wretched. Good-by, Lucy," and he stretched out his hand to her.

"Good-by, my lord. Do not be angry with me."

"No, no, no!" and without further speech he left the room and the house, and hurried home.

And when he was well gone—absolutely out of sight from the window—Lucy walked steadily up to her room, locked the door, and then threw herself on the bed. Why—oh! why had she told such a falsehood? Could anything justify her in a lie? Was it not a lie—knowing as she did that she loved him with all her loving heart.——*Framley Parsonage* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. i. p. 700.)

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The Crawley Family.

Mrs. Crawley was sitting with one baby in her lap while she was rocking another who lay in a cradle at her feet. Mr. Crawley, in the meanwhile, had risen from his seat with his finger between the leaves of an old grammar out of which he had been teaching his two elder children. The whole Crawley family was thus before them when Mrs. Robarts and Lucy entered the sitting-room.

"This is my sister-in-law, Lucy," said Mrs. Robarts. "Pray don't move now, Mrs. Crawley; or if you do, let me take baby." And she put out her arms and took the infant into them, making him quite at home there; for she had work of this kind of her own, at home, which she by no means neglected, though the attendance of nurses was more plentiful with her than at Hogglestock.

Mrs. Crawley did get up, and told Lucy that she was glad to see her, and Mr. Crawley came forward, grammar in hand, looking humble and meek. Could we have looked into the innermost spirit of him and his life's partner, we should have seen that mixed with the pride of his poverty there was some feeling of disgrace that he was poor, but that with her, regarding this matter, there was neither pride nor shame. The realities of life had become so stern to her that the outward aspects of them were as nothing. She would have liked a new gown because it would have been useful; but it would have been nothing to her if all the county knew that the one in which she went to church had been turned three times. It galled him, however, to think that he and his were so poorly dressed.——*Framley Parsonage.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. ii. p. 129.)

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Lady Lufton and the Duke of Omnium.

Circumstances had so turned out that the Duke had absolutely been pressed close against Lady Lufton, and she, when she heard the voice, and was made positively acquainted with the fact of the great man's presence by Miss Dunstable's words, turned round quickly, but still with much feminine dignity, removing her dress from the contact. In doing this she was brought absolutely face to face with the duke, so that each could not but look full at the other. "I beg your pardon," said the duke. They were the only words that had ever passed between them, nor have they spoken to each other since; but simple as they were, accompanied by the little byplay of the speakers, they gave rise to a considerable amount of ferment in the fashionable world. Lady Lufton, as she retreated back on to Dr. Easyman, curtseyed low; she curtseyed low and slowly, and with a haughty arrangement of her drapery that was all her own; but the curtsey, though it was eloquent, did not say half so much,—did not reprobate the habitual iniquities of the duke with a voice nearly as potent, as that which was expressed in the gradual fall of her eye and the gradual pressure of her lips. When she commenced her curtsey she was looking full in her foe's face. By the time that she had completed it her eyes were turned upon the ground, but there was an ineffable amount of scorn expressed in the lines of her mouth. She spoke no word, and retreated, as modest virtue and feminine weakness must ever retreat, before barefaced vice and virile power; but nevertheless she was held by all the world to have had the best of the encounter. The duke, as he begged her pardon, wore in his countenance that expression of modified sorrow which is common to any gentleman who is supposed by himself to have incommoded a lady. But over and above this,—or rather under it,—there was a slight smile of derision, as though it were impossible for him to look upon the bearing of Lady Lufton without some amount of ridicule. All this was legible to eyes so keen as those of Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Harold Smith, and the duke was known to be a master of this silent inward sarcasm; but even by them,—by Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Harold Smith,—it was admitted that Lady Lufton had conquered.——*Framley Parsonage.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 473.)

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Mrs. Gresham and Miss Dunstable.

Mrs. Gresham, who had already got up from her seat, employed herself very sedulously in arranging flowers which had been brought in for the drawing-room tables. Thus they remained silent for a minute or two, during which she began to reflect that, after all, it might probably be thought that she also was endeavouring to catch the great heiress for her uncle.

"And now you are angry with me," said Miss Dunstable.

"No, I am not."

"Oh, but you are. Do you think I'm such a fool as not to see when a person's vexed? You wouldn't have twitched that geranium's head off if you'd been in a proper frame of mind."

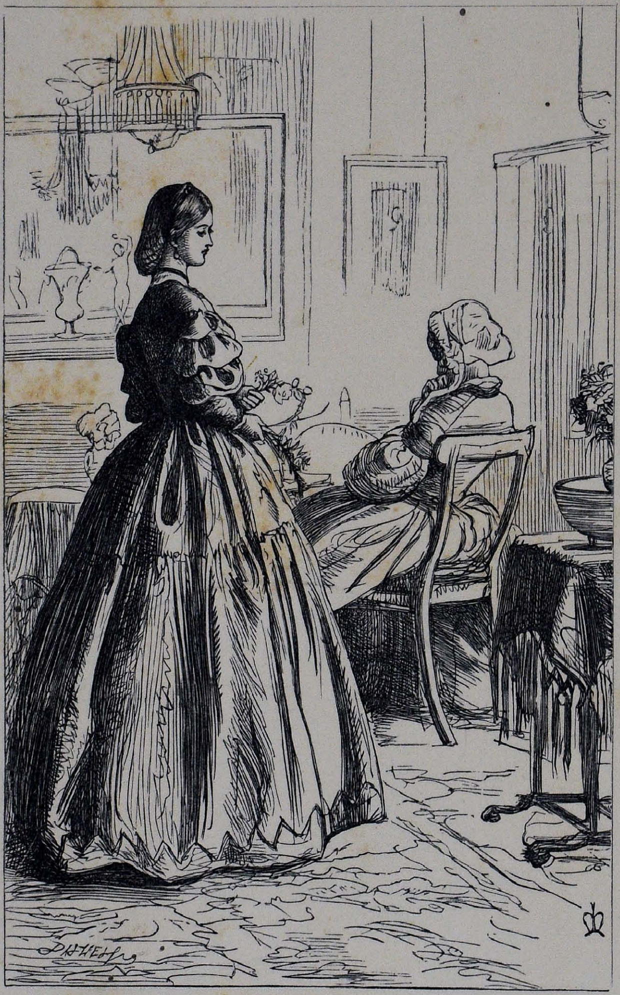
* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Gresham held her peace, and went on arranging her flowers—now with a more satisfied air, and without destruction to the geraniums. And when she had grouped her bunches properly she carried the jar from one part of the room to another, backwards and forwards, trying the effect of the colours, as though her mind was quite intent upon her flowers, and was for the moment wholly unoccupied with any other subject.

But Miss Dunstable was not the woman to put up with this. She sat silent in her place, while her friend made one or two turns about the room; and then she got up from her seat also. "Mary," she said, "give over about those wretched bits of green branches and leave the jars where they are. You're trying to fidget me into a passion."

"Am I?" said Mrs. Gresham, standing opposite to a big bowl, and putting her head a little on one side, as though she could better look at her handiwork in that position.

"You know you are; and it's all because you lack courage to speak out. You didn't begin at me in this way for nothing."——*Framley Parsonage.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. iii. p. 60.)



"Mark," she said, "the Men are here."

" If you please, your reverence, there are two men outside," said the footman.

Two men! Mark knew well enough what men they were, but he could hardly take the coming of two such men to his quiet country parsonage quite as a matter of course.

" Who are they, John ?" said he, not wishing any answer, but because the question was forced upon him.

" I'm afeard they're——bailiffs, sir."

" Very well, John ; that will do ; of course they must do what they please about the place."

And then when the servants left him he still stood without moving, exactly as he had stood before. There he remained for ten minutes, but the time went by very slowly. When about noon some circumstance told him what was the hour, he was astonished to find that the day had not nearly passed away.

And then another tap was struck on the door,—a sound which he well recognized,—and his wife crept silently into the room. She came close up to him before she spoke, and put her arm within his :

" Mark," she said, "the men are here ; they are in the yard."

" I know it," he answered, gruffly.

" Will it be better that you should see them, dearest ?"

" See them ; no ; what good can I do by seeing them ? But I shall see them soon enough ; they will be here, I suppose, in a few minutes."

* * * * * * * *

" Oh, Mark, don't look at me in that way. Do not turn away from me. What is to comfort us if we do not cling to each other now ?"

" Comfort us ! God help you ! I wonder, Fanny, that you can bear to stay in the room with me."

" Mark, dearest Mark, my own dear, dearest husband ! who is to be true to you, if I am not ? You shall not turn from me. How can anything like this make a difference between you and me ?" And then she threw her arms round his neck and embraced him.——*Framley Parsonage.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 352.)

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Unspoken Dialogue.

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—
The girl could scarce divine
The whole disaster of her lot,—
But without sound or sign
She cried, "O Mother! love him not;—
Oh! let his love be mine!"

* * * * *

That prayer—like some electric flame,
Struck with resistless force
The lady's agitated frame,—
Nor halted in its course,
Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

She spoke—her words were very low,
But resolute in tone—
"Dear child! he comes.—Nay, blush not so
To have your secret known:
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart by holy grace had cast
The demon from its core,—
And on the threshold, calm, she pass'd
The man she loved no more.

(*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. i. p. 197.)

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Last Words.

Will, are you sitting and watching there yet? And I know by a certain skill
That grows out of utter wakefulness, the night must be far spent, Will:
For, lying awake so many a night, I have learned at last to catch
From the crowing cock, and the clanging clock, and the sound of the beating watch,
A misty sense of the measureless march of Time, as he passes here,
Leaving my life behind him; and I know that the dawn is near.
But you have been watching three nights, Will, and you look'd so wan to-night,
I thought, as I saw you sitting there, in the sad monotonous light
Of the moody night-lamp near you, that I could not choose but close
My lids as fast, and lie as still, as tho' I lay in a doze:
For, I thought, "He will deem I am dreaming, and then he may steal away,
And sleep a little: and this will be well." And truly, I dream'd, as I lay
Wide awake, but all as quiet, as tho', the last office done,
They had streak'd me out for the grave, Will, to which they will bear me anon.
Dream'd; for old things and places came dancing about my brain,
Like ghosts that dance in an empty house: and my thoughts went slipping again
By green back-ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time,
Where violets, faded for ever, seem'd blowing as once in their prime:
And I fancied that you and I, Will, were boys again as of old,
At dawn on the hill-top together, at eve in the field by the fold;
Till the thought of this was growing too wildly sweet to be borne,
And I op'd my eyes, and turn'd me round, and there, in the light forlorn,
I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand, I know.
Sleep a little. I shall not die to-night. You may leave me. Go.
Eh! is it time for the drink? must you mix it? it does me no good.
But thanks, old friend, true friend! I would live for your sake, if I could.
Ay, there are some good things in life, that fall not away with the rest.
And, of all best things upon earth, I hold that a faithful friend is the best.

(*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 513.)

"Please, Ma'am, can we have the Peas to Shell?"

Let her daughters eat from her brother's table and drink of his cup. They were made welcome to do so from the heart. For her there was no such welcome as that at the Great House,—nor at any other house, or any other table!

"Mamma will stay at home to eat the peas."

And then she repeated to herself the words which Lily had spoken, sitting there, leaning with her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand.

"Please, ma'am, cook says, can we have the peas to shell?" and then her reverie was broken.

Whereupon Mrs. Dale got up and gave over her basket. "Cook knows that the young ladies are going to dine at the Great House?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She needn't mind getting dinner for me. I will have tea early." And so, after all, Mrs. Dale did not perform that special duty appointed for her. But she soon set herself to work upon another duty.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vi. p. 382.)

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"And you Love Me?"

"Amelia," he said, still keeping his seat.

"Well, sir?"

"You know I love you."

"And about L. D.?"

"If you choose to believe all the nonsense that Cradell puts into your head, I can't help it. If you like to make yourself jealous about two letters, it isn't my fault."

"And you love me?" said she.

"Of course I love you." And then, upon hearing these words, Amelia threw herself into his arms.—— *The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vi. p. 563.)

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"IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE NAUGHTY PARTRIDGES."

"I declare I don't know what's the matter with you," Lily said to her lover.

"We have been over fifteen miles of ground, and——"

"I never knew anything so lackadaisical as you gentlemen from London. Been over fifteen miles of ground! Why, uncle Christopher would think nothing of that."

"Uncle Christopher is made of sterner stuff than we are," said Crosbie. "They used to be born so sixty or seventy years ago." And then they walked on through Gruddock's fields, and the home paddocks, back to the Great House, where they found the Squire standing in the front of the porch.

The walk had not been so pleasant as they had all intended that it should be when they made their arrangements for it. Crosbie had endeavoured to recover his happy state of mind, but had been unsuccessful; and Lily, fancying that her lover was not all that he should be, had become reserved and silent. Bernard and Bell had not shared this discomfiture, but then Bernard and Bell were, as a rule, much more given to silence than the other two.

"Uncle," said Lily, "these men have shot nothing, and you cannot conceive how unhappy they are in consequence. It's all the fault of the naughty partridges."—*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vi. p. 667.)

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"Mr. Cradell, your Hand," said Lupex.

Lupex was not an ill-natured man, nor one naturally savage by disposition. He was a man fond of sweetbread and little dinners, and one to whom hot brandy-and-water was too dear. Had the wife of his bosom been a good helpmate to him, he might have gone through the world, if not respectably, at any rate without open disgrace. But she was a woman who left a man no solace except that to be found in brandy-and-water. All these peculiarities of his character were not, however, known to Cradell; and when our friend saw him enter the drawing-room with his wife on his arm, he was astonished.

"Mr. Cradell, your hand," said Lupex, who had advanced as far as the second glass of brandy-and-water, but had not been allowed to go beyond it. "There has been a misunderstanding between us; let it be forgotten."

"Mr. Cradell, if I know him," said the lady, "is too much the gentleman to bear any anger when a gentleman has offered him his hand."

"Oh, I'm sure," said Cradell, "I'm quite—— indeed, I'm delighted to find there's nothing wrong after all." And then he shook hands with both of them.——*The Small House at Allington*. (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vi. p. 786.)

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"Why, it's young Eames, isn't it?"

He at last resolved that he must write the letter, and as he composed it in his mind he sat himself down beneath an old tree which stood on a spot at which many of the forest tracks met and crossed each other. The letter, as he framed it here, was not a bad letter, if only he could have got it written and posted. Every word of it he chose with precision, and in his mind he emphasized every expression which told his mind clearly and justified his purpose. "He acknowledged himself to have been wrong in misleading his correspondent, and allowing her to imagine that she possessed his heart. He had not a heart at her disposal. He had been weak not to write to her before, having been deterred from doing so by the fear of giving her pain; but now he felt that he was bound in honour to tell her the truth. Having so told her, he would not return to Burton Crescent, if it would pain her to see him there. He would always have a deep regard for her,"—Oh, Johnny!—"and would hope anxiously that her welfare in life might be complete." That was the letter, as he wrote it on the tablets of his mind under the tree; but the getting it put on to paper was a task, as he knew, of greater difficulty. Then, as he repeated it to himself, he fell asleep.

"Young man," said a voice in his ears as he slept. At first the voice spoke as a voice from his dream without waking him, but when it was repeated, he sat up and saw that a stout gentleman was standing over him. For a moment he did not know where he was, or how he had come there; nor could he recollect, as he saw the trees about him, how long he had been in the wood. But he knew the stout gentleman well enough, though he had not seen him for more than two years. "Young man," said the voice, "if you want to catch rheumatism, that's the way to do it. Why, it's young Eames, isn't it?"

"Yes, my lord," said Johnny, raising himself up so that he was now sitting, instead of lying, as he looked up into the earl's rosy face.

"I knew your father, and a very good man he was; only he shouldn't have taken to farming. People think they can farm without learning the trade, but that's a very great mistake. I can farm, because I've learned it. Don't you think you'd better get up?" Whereupon Johnny raised himself to his feet. "Not but what you're very welcome to lie there if you like it. Only, in October, you know——"

"I'm afraid I'm trespassing, my lord," said Eames. "I came in off the path, and——"

"You're welcome; you're very welcome. If you'll come up to the house, I'll give you some luncheon." This hospitable offer, however, Johnny declined, alleging that it was late, and that he was going home to dinner.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vii. p. 67.)

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"There's Mr. Harding coming from the Deanery."

"Mr. Harding; he that chanted the Litany just now. There he is, sir, coming out of the deanery."

They were now standing at the door leading out from one of the transepts, and Mr. Harding passed them as they were speaking together. He was a little, withered, shambling old man, with bent shoulders, dressed in knee-breeches and long black gaiters, which hung rather loosely about his poor old legs,—rubbing his hands one over the other as he went. And yet he walked quickly; not tottering as he walked, but with an uncertain, doubtful step. The verger, as Mr. Harding passed, put his hand to his head, and Crosbie also raised his hat. Whereupon Mr. Harding raised his, and bowed, and turned round as though he were about to speak. Crosbie felt that he had never seen a face on which traits of human kindness were more plainly written. But the old man did not speak. He turned his body half round, and then shambled back, as though ashamed of his intention, and passed on.

"He is of that sort that they make the angels of," said the verger. "But they can't make many if they want them all as good as he is. I'm much obliged to you, sir." And he pocketed the half-crown which Crosbie gave him.

"So that's Lady Dumbello's grandfather," said Crosbie, to himself, as he walked slowly round the close towards the hospital, by the path which the verger had shown him. He had no great love for Lady Dumbello, who had dared to snub him,—even him. "They may make an angel of the old gentleman," he continued to say; "but they'll never succeed in that way with the granddaughter."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vii. p. 217.)

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"AND HAVE I NOT REALLY LOVED YOU?"

"I know how poor I am, and unworthy of you; and only that you are engaged to him, I don't suppose that I should now tell you. Of course you couldn't accept such a one as me. But I have loved you ever since you remember; and now that you are going to be his wife, I cannot but tell you that it is so. You will go and live in London; but as to my seeing you there, it will be impossible. I could not go into that man's house."

"Oh, John."

"No, never; not if you became his wife. I have loved you as well as he does. When Mrs. Dale told me of it, I thought I should have fallen. I went away without seeing you because I was unable to speak to you. I made a fool of myself, and have been a fool all along. I am foolish now to tell you this, but I cannot help it."

"You will forget it all when you meet some girl that you can really love."

"And have I not really loved you? Well, never mind. I have said what I came to say, and I will now go. If it ever happens that we are down in the country together perhaps I may see you again; but never in London. Good-by, Lily." And he put out his hand to her.

"And won't you stay for mamma?" she said.

"No. Give her my love, and to Bell. They understand all about it. They will know why I have gone. If ever you should want anybody to do anything for you, remember that I will do it, whatever it is."

Lily, when she was left alone, burst into tears. She had certainly said very little to encourage her forlorn suitor, and had so borne herself during the interview that even Crosbie could hardly have been dissatisfied; but now that Eames was gone her heart became very tender towards him. She felt that she did love him also;—not at all as she loved Crosbie, but still with a love that was tender, soft, and true. If Crosbie could have known all her thoughts at that moment, I doubt whether he would have liked them.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vii. p. 369.)

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MR. PALLISER AND LADY DUMBELLO.

He had been in the room nearly an hour when he did at last find himself standing close to Lady Dumbello;—close to her, and without any other very near neighbour.

"I should hardly have expected to find you here," he said.

"Nor I you," she answered.

"Though, for the matter of that, we are both near our own homes."

"I am not near mine."

"I meant Plumstead; your father's place."

"Yes; that was my home once."

"I wish I could show you my uncle's place. The castle is very fine, and he has some good pictures."

"So I have heard."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Oh, no. I go to Cheshire the day after to-morrow. Lord Dumbello is always there when the hunting begins."

"Ah, yes; of course. What a happy fellow he is; never any work to do! His constituents never trouble him, I suppose?"

"I don't think they ever do much."

After that Mr. Palliser sauntered away again, and Lady Dumbello passed the rest of the evening in silence. It is to be hoped that they both were rewarded by that ten minutes of sympathetic intercourse for the inconvenience which they had suffered in coming to Courcy Castle.

But that which seems so innocent to us had been looked on in a different light by the stern moralist of that house.

"By Jove!" said the Honourable George to his cousin, Mr. Gresham, "I wonder how Dumbello likes it."

"It seems to me that Dumbello takes it very easily."

"There are some men who will take anything easily," said George, who, since his own marriage, had learned to have a holy horror of such wicked things.

"She's beginning to come out a little," said Lady Clandidlem to Lady De Courcy, when the two old women found themselves together over a fire in some back sitting-room. "Still waters always run deep, you know."

"I shouldn't at all wonder if she were to go off with him," said Lady De Courcy.

"He'll never be such a fool as that," said Lady Clandidlem.

"I believe men will be fools enough for anything," said Lady De Courcy. "But, of course, if he did, it would come to nothing afterwards."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. vii. p. 486.)

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ACC. No.

"Devotedly Attached to the Young Man."

"I really think she'll be happy, and she is devotedly attached to the young man."

"Devotedly attached to the young man!" The tone and manner in which the earl repeated these words were such as to warrant an opinion that his lordship might have done very well on the stage had his attention been called to that profession. "It makes me sick to hear people talk in that way. She wants to get married, and she's a fool for her pains;—I can't help that; only remember that I'll have no nonsense here about that other girl. If he gives me trouble of that sort, by —— I'll be the death of him. When is the marriage to be?"

"They talk of February."

"I won't have any tomfoolery and expense. If she chooses to marry a clerk in an office, she shall marry him as clerks are married."

"He'll be secretary before that, De Courcy."

"What difference does that make? Secretary, indeed! What sort of men do you suppose secretaries are? A beggar that came from nobody knows where! I won't have any tomfoolery;—d'ye hear?" Whereupon the countess said that she did hear, and soon afterwards managed to escape.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. vii. p. 672.)

THE BOARD.

The Board, as he entered the room, was not such a Board as the public may, perhaps, imagine such Boards to be. There was a round table, with a few pens lying about, and a comfortable leathern arm-chair at the side of it, farthest from the door. Sir Raffle Buffle was leaving his late colleagues, and was standing with his back to the fire-place, talking very loudly. Sir Raffle was a great bully, and the Board was uncommonly glad to be rid of him; but as this was to be his last appearance at the Committee Office, they submitted to his voice meekly. Mr. Butterwell was standing close to him, essaying to laugh mildly at Sir Raffle's jokes. A little man, hardly more than five feet high, with small but honest-looking eyes, and close-cut hair, was standing behind the arm-chair, rubbing his hands together, and longing for the departure of Sir Raffle, in order that he might sit down. This was Mr. Optimist, the new chairman.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. vii. p. 760.)

ACC.

"Won't You take some more Wine?"

The earl knew what was going on. During that terrible conflict between him and his slumber, in which the drowsy god fairly vanquished him for some twenty minutes, his conscience was always accusing him of treating his guests badly. He was very angry with himself, and tried to arouse himself and talk. But his brother-in-law would not help him in his efforts; and even Eames was not bright in rendering him assistance. Then for twenty minutes he slept soundly, and at the end of that he woke himself with one of his own snorts. "By George!" he said, jumping up and standing on the rug, "we'll have some coffee;" and after that he did not sleep any more.

"Dale," said he, "won't you take some more wine?"

"Nothing more," said the colonel, still looking at the fire, and shaking his head very slowly.

"Come, Johnny, fill your glass." He had already got into the way of calling his young friend Johnny, having found that Mrs. Eames generally spoke of her son by that name.

"I have been filling my glass all the time," said Eames, taking the decanter again in his hand as he spoke.

"I'm glad you've found something to amuse you, for it has seemed to me that you and Dale haven't had much to say to each other. I've been listening all the time."

"You've been asleep," said the colonel.

"Then there's been some excuse for my holding my tongue," said the earl.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. viii. p. 69.)

LIBRARY
ACC.

"And You went in at Him on the Station?"

As he walked home to Burton Crescent with Cradell, he did tell him of the affair with Crosbie.

"And you went in at him on the station?" asked Cradell, with admiring doubt.

"Yes, I did. If I didn't do it there, where was I to do it? I'd said I would, and therefore when I saw him I did it." Then the whole affair was told as to the black eye, the police, and the superintendent. "And what's to come next?" asked our hero.

"Well, he'll put it in the hands of a friend, of course; as I did with Fisher in that affair with Lupex. And, upon my word, Johnny, I shall have to do something of the kind again. His conduct last night was outrageous."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 224.)

MIL NADU ARCHIVES LIBRA

"Let me Beg You to Think over the Matter again."

Mrs. Dale, as she finished, was aware that she had not told her story well, but she had acknowledged to herself that it was quite out of her power to tell it as it should be told. Her main object was to make her brother-in-law understand that she certainly would leave his house, and to make him understand this with as little pain to himself as possible. She did not in the least mind his thinking her foolish, if only she could so carry her point as to be able to tell her daughters on her return that the matter was settled. But the squire, from his words and manners, seemed indisposed to give her this privilege.

"Of all the propositions which I ever heard," said he, "it is the most unreasonable. It amounts to this, that you are too proud to live rent-free in a house which belongs to your husband's brother, and therefore you intend to subject yourself and your children to the great discomfort of a very straitened income. If you yourself only were concerned I should have no right to say anything; but I think myself bound to tell you that, as regards the girls, everybody that knows you will think you to have been very wrong. It is in the natural course of things that they should live in that house. The place has never been let. As far as I know, no rent has ever been paid for the house since it was built. It has always been given to some member of the family, who has been considered as having the best right to it. I have considered your footing there as firm as my own here. A quarrel between me and your children would be to me a great calamity, though, perhaps, they might be indifferent to it. But if there were such a quarrel it would afford no reason for their leaving that house. Let me beg you to think over the matter again."

The squire could assume an air of authority on certain occasions, and he had done so now. Mrs. Dale found that she could only answer him by a simple repetition of her own intention; and, indeed, failed in making him any serviceable answer whatsoever.——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 270.)

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"THAT MIGHT DO."

Crosbie felt for the men who were hauling about the huge heaps of material; but Lady Amelia sat as composed as though it were her duty to inspect every yard of stuff in the warehouse. "I think we'll look at that one at the bottom again." Then the men went to work and removed a mountain. "No, my dear, that green in the scroll-work won't do. It would fly directly, if any hot water were spilt." The man smiling ineffably, declared that that particular green never flew anywhere. But Lady Amelia paid no attention to him, and the carpet for which the mountain had been removed became part of another mountain.

"That might do," said Alexandrina, gazing upon a magnificent crimson ground through which rivers of yellow meandered, carrying with them in their streams an infinity of blue flowers. And as she spoke she held her head gracefully on one side, and looked down upon the carpet doubtingly. Lady Amelia poked it with her parasol as though to test its durability, and whispered something about yellows showing the dirt. Crosbie took out his watch and groaned.

"It's a superb carpet, my lady, and about the newest thing we have. We put down four hundred and fifty yards of it for the Duchess of South Wales, at Cwddglwlch Castle, only last month. Nobody has had it since, for it has not been in stock." Whereupon Lady Amelia again poked it, and then got up and walked upon it. Lady Alexandrina held her head a little more on one side.

"Five and three?" said Lady Amelia.

"Oh, no, my lady; five and seven; and the cheapest carpet we have in the house. There is twopence a yard more in the colour; there is, indeed."

"And the discount?" asked Lady Amelia.

"Two and a half," my lady.

"Oh, dear, no," said Lady Amelia. I always have five per cent. for immediate payment;—quite immediate, you know." Upon which the man declared the question must be referred to his master. Two and a half was the rule of the house. Crosbie, who had been looking out of the window, said that upon his honour he couldn't wait any longer.—— *The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. viii. p. 390.)

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EGMORE

"Mamma, it is over now, I'm sure."

When half-past eleven came, she was seated in a large easy-chair over the drawing-room fire, with a little table by her side, on which a novel was lying. She had not opened her book that morning, and had been sitting for some time perfectly silent, with her eyes closed, and her watch in her hand.

"Mamma," she said at last, "it is over now, I'm sure."

"What is over, my dear?"

"He has made that lady his wife. I hope God will bless them, and I pray that they may be happy." As she spoke these words, there was an unwonted solemnity in her tone which startled Mrs. Dale and Bell.

"I also will hope so," said Mrs. Dale. "And now, Lily, will it not be well that you should turn your mind away from the subject, and endeavour to think of other things?"

"But I can't, mamma. It is so easy to say that; but people can't choose their own thoughts."

"They can usually direct them as they will, if they make the effort."

"But I can't make the effort. Indeed, I don't know why I should. It seems natural to me to think about him, and I don't suppose it can be very wrong. When you have had so deep an interest in a person, you can't drop him all of a sudden."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. viii. p. 527.)

ACC. No.
EGMORE, MADRAS-600

"Why, on Earth, on Sunday?"

Lady Alexandrina, though she was not of an energetic temperament, could not but confess to herself that she had made a mistake. She had been tempted to marry Crosbie because Crosbie was a man of fashion, and now she was told that the London season would make no difference to her;—the London season which had hitherto always brought to her the excitement of parties, if it had not given her the satisfaction of amusement. She had been tempted to marry at all because it appeared to her that a married woman could enjoy society with less restraint than a girl who was subject to her mother or her chaperon; that she would have more freedom of action as a married woman; and now she was told that she must wait for a baby before she could have anything to do. Courcy Castle was sometimes dull, but Courcy Castle would have been better than this.

When Crosbie returned home, he was told by his wife that they were to dine with the Gazebees on the next Sunday. On hearing this he shook his head with vexation. He knew, however, that he had no right to make complaint, as he had been only taken to St. John's Wood once since they had come home from their marriage trip. There was, however, one point as to which he could grumble. "Why, on earth, on Sunday?"

"Because Amelia asked me for Sunday. If you are asked for Sunday, you cannot say you'll go on Monday."

"It is so terrible on a Sunday afternoon. At what hour?"

"She said half-past five."

"Heavens and earth! What are we to do all the evening?"

"It is not kind of you, Adolphus, to speak in that way of my relations."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 659.)

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"Oh, Bell, here's the Inkstand."

"Mamma," she said, standing on the top rung of a house-ladder, from which position she was handing down glass out of a cupboard, "are you sure that these things are ours? I think some of them belong to the house."

"I'm sure about that bowl at any rate, because it was my mother's before I was married."

"Oh, dear, what should I do, if I were to break it? Whenever I handle anything very precious I always feel inclined to throw it down and smash it. Oh! it was as nearly gone as possible, mamma; but that was your fault."

"If you don't take care you'll be nearly gone yourself. Do take hold of something."

"Oh, Bell, here's the inkstand for which you've been moaning for three years."

"I haven't been moaning for three years; but who could have put it up there?"

"Catch it," said Lily; and she threw the bottle down on to a pile of carpets.

At this moment a step was heard in the hall, and the squire entered through the open door of the room. "So you're all at work," said he.

"Yes, we're at work," said Mrs. Dale, almost with a tone of shame. "If it is to be done it is as well that it should be got over."——*The Small House at Allington.* (*Cornhill Magazine,* vol. ix. p. 6.)

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EGMO

"She has Refused Me, and it is all Over."

When he had thus stood upon the bridge for some quarter of an hour, he took out his knife, and, with deep, rough gashes in the wood, cut out Lily's name from the rail.

He had hardly finished, and was still looking at the chips as they were being carried away by the stream, when a gentle step came close up to him, and turning round, he saw that Lady Julia was on the bridge. She was close to him, and had already seen his handiwork. "Has she offended you, John?" she said.

"Oh, Lady Julia!"

"Has she offended you?"

"She has refused me, and it is all over."

"It may be that she has refused you, and that yet it need not be all over. I am sorry that you have cut out the name, John. Do you mean to cut it out from your heart?"

"Never. I would if I could, but I never shall."

"Keep to it as to a great treasure. It will be a joy to you in after years, and not a sorrow. To have loved truly, even though you shall have loved in vain, will be a consolation when you are as old as I am. It is something to have had a heart."

"I don't know. I wish that I had none."

"And, John;—I can understand her feeling now; and, indeed, I thought all through that you were asking her too soon; but the time may yet come when she will think better of your wishes."

"No, no; never. I begin to know her now."

"If you can be constant in your love you may win her yet. Remember how young she is; and how young you both are. Come again in two years' time, and then, when you have won her, you shall tell me that I have been a good old woman to you both."

"I shall never win her, Lady Julia."——*The Small House at Allington*. (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 256.)

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The Bishop and the Knight.

Low at the Bishop's feet he knelt,
His black locks thickly sown with gray,
As though the sorrows he had felt
Had stolen half his youth away:
His careworn features did express
A dying hope—a long distress—
An unknown depth of lowliness.

The Bishop spoke: "Who art thou, son?"
Then deeper still he bowed his head—
"I am a miserable man,
A man opprest with guilt," he said;
"From distant lands I come to thee,
I seek to know if yet there be
Forgiveness to be won by me."

"Speak on," the Bishop made reply;
"Behold, my son, the Holy Rood,
It was for sinners base and vile
The Saviour shed His Blood."
Then in a whisper faint and low
The kneeling penitent did show
His tale of sin and shame and woe.

The Bishop's face grew ashy pale;
Awhile he paused, in dumb surprise—
Then spoke, aversion in his mien,
And horror in his eyes:
"Ah, never at my feet did bow
A Christian stained as deep as thou,
I may not, dare not, shrive thee now.

"Rise, and go hence: I will believe,
When this my staff shall bud and bloom,
Such sin a pardon may receive,
And thou escape thy doom?"
Uprose the kneeling penitent,
His knightly form with anguish bent,
And from the palace forth he went.

(*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. vi. p. 100.)

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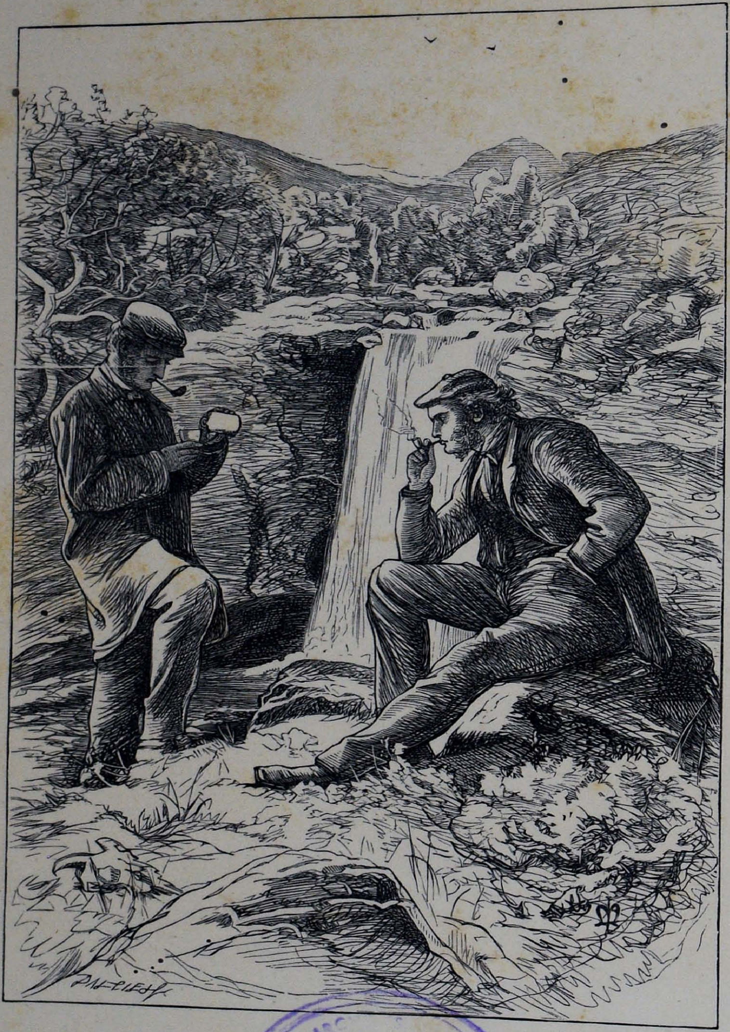
EGMO

TEMPTATION.

After smoking for a considerable time in silence, I slipped from my seat, and, making my way among the tangled branches of the stunted trees and over the rough blocks of stone, I reached the river, and, filling my horn with the sparkling water, mixed it with some whisky, supposed to be of peculiar excellence, which I had procured on my road. I tossed it off, half filled it again, and, scrambling up, rejoined Horace, and, with the foolish idea of vanquishing his determined practice of drinking nothing but water, I proceeded to mix for him. At first he refused; but when the odour from the flask was wafted into his nostrils, he wavered, and at last acquiesced, with an odd grimace. "If I must take it, Paul, give me it neat." I complied, and poured the yellow, fragrant liquid out alone. As I placed the horn in his hand, I was struck by the greedy, anxious expression of his eyes. He held it for an instant to his lips, and then, without touching the liquor, jerked the horn and its contents into the little river, where, after a few bobbings about, it proceeded on its brief and uneven voyage. "What an ass you are, Horace!" I said, heatedly.

"I daresay I am," he replied, twisting his face into a horrible contortion. "But I should have been a greater ass if I had tasted that stuff. Stay, old fellow, don't be waxy, when I tell you why, by a safe inspiration, I threw it out of my reach. I shall tell you what I never trusted to any human being before, and you will change your mind about me, or I am far wrong. They say every house has its skeleton. Now, intoxicating liquors have been the bane of my family. We have, most of us, a morbid propensity to drink anything, no matter what, provided it intoxicates us. I don't say we all have it; but we never know in which of us it is to break out. We don't drink for *drinkee*, as the black man says, but for *drunkee*. It's no outbreak of convivial cheer, but a mad, animal instinct for solitary excess. My grandfather was hardly ever seen drunk: amid the excesses so common in those days, when three-bottle men abounded, he was singular by his abstemiousness; but at isolated periods, when quite alone, he took the most awful doses of raw spirits: he craved the poison with a fatal obstinacy, and obtained it by a marvellous cunning; and his very sobriety in public made it an easier matter for him to slaughter himself unprevented in private. He died in a madhouse. My uncle exhibited the same tendency: he cut his own throat. My father was, all his life, a rigid water-drinker; he was not a long-lived man, but when he was made aware that his end was approaching, he called me to his bedside, detailed these terrible particulars, and warned me, in words that made a deep impression on my mind. Since then I have never tasted wine or spirits: in fact, *you* know how strictly I have abstained.——*Horace Saltoun.* (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 232.)



TA… ARC… ARY
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IRENÉ.

I.

THE monarch Day has flung his crown of gold,
And fiery mantle, down into the river,
And sighing said, "Alas! I have grown old,
I cannot reign for ever and for ever.

II.

"Come hither, Night, my daughter, pure and free,
And let me crown thee with my dying splendour:
Stars for the meek; no passion-tints for thee,
But pensive jewels, radiant, pale, and tender."

III.

Irené hears, and marks the fair young queen
With dewy tears, and starry brow o'ershaded,
Ascend her skyey throne with silent mien,
And bend towards Earth the mourning, Earth the faded.

IV.

Irené hears, for every spirit breath
That flits abroad is by Irené hearkened;
And, reverent, she has knelt as mute as death
Beside the window since her chamber darkened.

V.

The troubled winds are plaining in her ear,
Sure sympathy from lone Irené seeking.
She lifts her face in still suspense to hear
The burden that such smothered sobs are speaking.

VI.

A tangled ivy-wreath anear her steals,
And strokes her hair with sad and loving gesture.
The tapestry half-enwraps her as she kneels,
And swaying stirs her shoulders' cloudy vesture.

(*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. v. p. 478.)

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